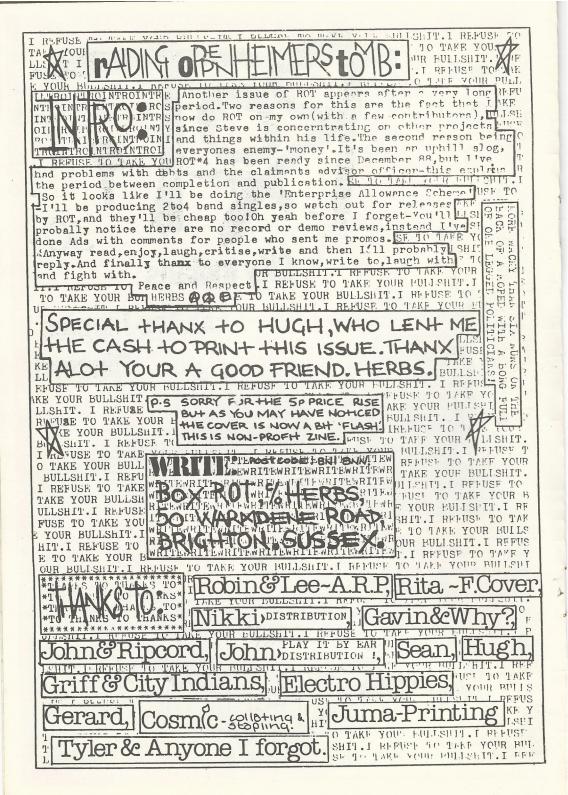
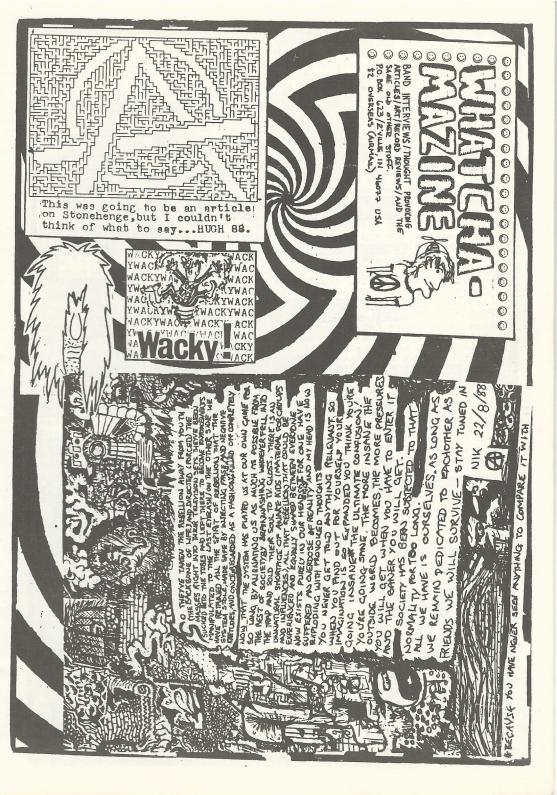
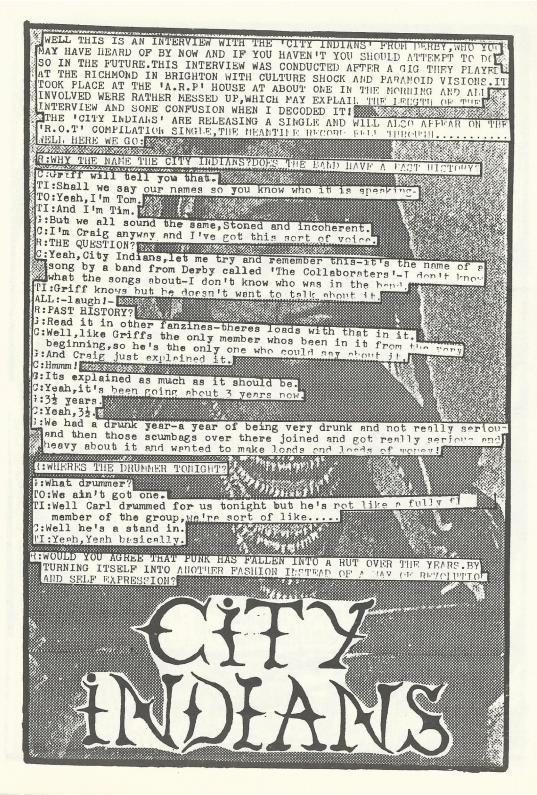
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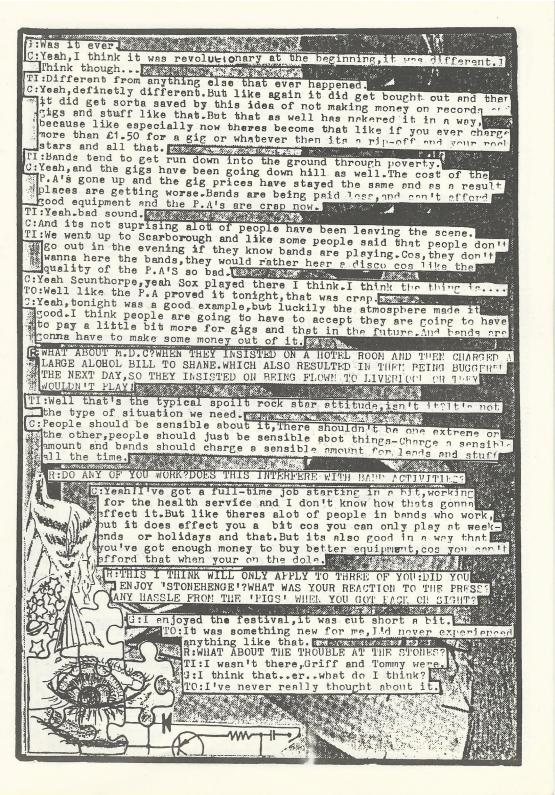
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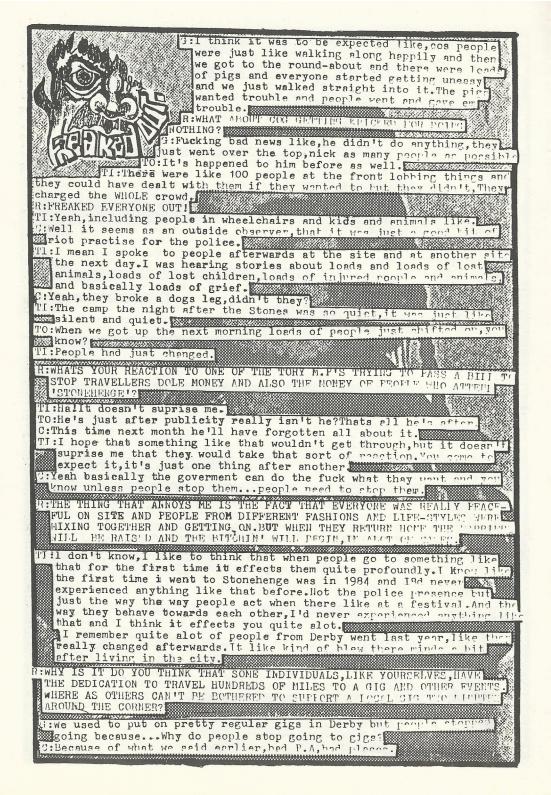
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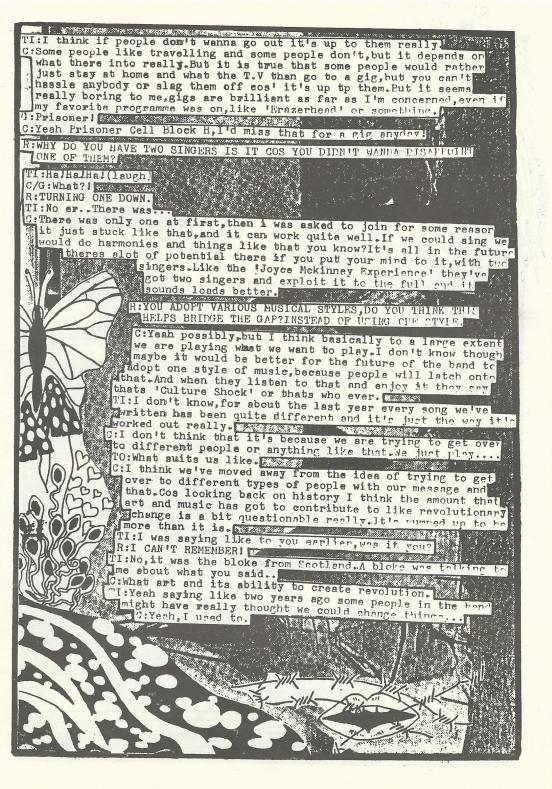


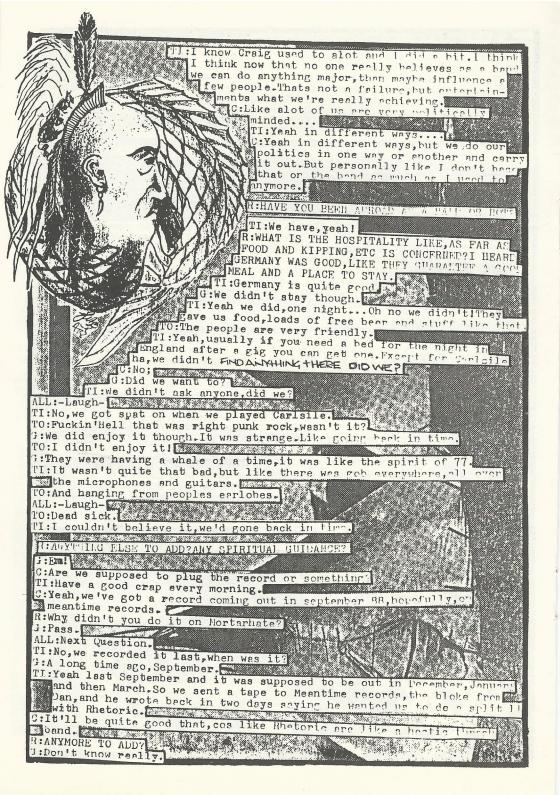


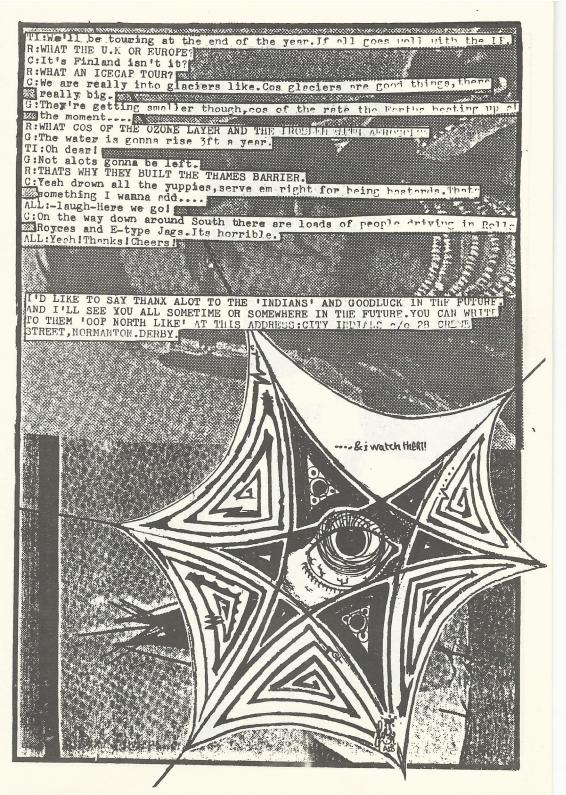


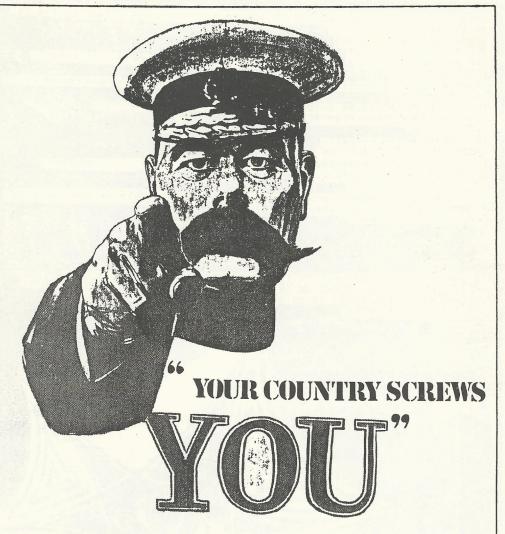












Hey You! Are you 16 or 17, got no job, don't want a job or don't want to get stuck in a shit job, well let the government ruin your day. If you are 16 or 17 and you are not attending a further education establishment or have a full-time job then you will only recieve 615 a week for the first 8 weeks and after that you get nothing! Or you can enroll on a job training scheme, which basically means slave labour with no compensation scheme if you are injured or die at work! So basically you have two options if you can't get or don't want a job:

1. Poverty and Starvation; 2. Poverty and slavery;

Welcome to reality.....R.O.T.89



WHAT HAPPENED: JUNE 18

I finally left Brighton for Stonehenge with Martin and Tim(from Salad from Atlantis), Dave and the Mastbourne crew. While on the train to Sailsbury I got out my faithful gas stove and provided everyone with some refreshment (namely a round of 'Hot Knifes') to help pass the time. Arrived in Sailsbury at 3pm. Rang Stonehenge 'Hotline', told to go to Cholderton. Checked out another site. At 7pm got on bus to Euxley camp. Got off at Amesbury after seeing a car park with about 50 vechicals & 150 walkers. Vechicals left for Cholderton. We went with walkers. Directed by police officers through M.O.D land. Police without numbers lined the road. Closed gate on us, wondered if we would be attacked. Passed through safely. Arrived at Colderton (a small wood between fields) at 9pm. Me, Martin, Tim and Dave camped with 'city indians' who we bumped into at the Amesbury car park. After pitching the tent got down to buisness, Having some grub round the 'Indians' fire and a well earned smoke. Followed by several more well earned 'smokes'. Finally hit the sack early Sunday morning. But first had to shift Martin who was sharing my two man. This wasn't easy since he was unconcious and is by no means small!

JUNE 19

Awoke about 11am.Got up had some grub after a well earned 'Hot-Knife'. Went to find the Eastbourne crew with Martin.Also sussed out the site and generally got into the happy atmosphere.While sitting round fire with the 'indians' and the unfamous three a helicopter cent over for the hundredth time disturbing our peace.This time it announced a message.Which told us we had three hours to get off site cos they had a 'Court Order' which made the site illegal and everyone subject to arrest.What want to know is how they got a magistrate out of bed on a Sunday to sign the 'Order'?Apparantly the farmer who owned the land wasn't really bothered but was advised by the police, very strongly,

Stoned at the Henge!

to make a complaint. What happened to freedom of choice? Went to site meeting and everyone decided to stay. Had some food at about 5.30pm just as our three hours ended. More people arrived on site. Had a chat with the 'indians' and we all decided to move further into the site. The reason being we were on the edge of the site and so we would be the first to meet the police if they sent in 'snatch squads'.

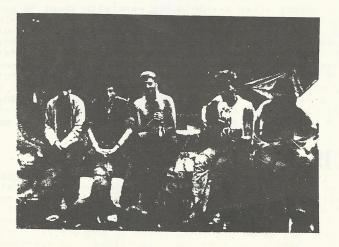
Seperated from the 'indians' and moved camp. Camped with the Hastbourne Crew. Socialised some more. Hit the sack. Had no problem with Mortin cos

we kipped under the stars and anyway he was to busy tripping!

I arose Monday morning or it could have been early afternoon and got back to 'buisness'. Then a few of the Eastbourne crew decided to go on a 'Beer Run! with about £50. Five hours later they returned in dribs and drabs, since they were stopped when trying to get back on sight, so they legged it. The police tried to force one of them through some six foot high stinging nettles. They were all pissed and out of £50 worth of beer had about £5-£10 worth left!

By early evening a stage had been set up and bands were playing, so I went to have a look. I took my stove and my knifes with me! On they way to the stage me and Martin had a look around and found out the site hadegrown and there were now between 2000 and 4000 people on site! Even with such a large number of people and variations in backgrounds and cultures there was NOT one incident of violence, a shame society isn't the same. While watching some band play Eddie up and said hello so we had a chat and a round of 'hot knives'. Then we wandered back to his camp were I was able to reaquaint myself with Doug, who drums for Verbal Assault, and also therw was Mikey, who plays bass for Toxic Ephex, and all the Culture Shock crew. So we had another round of 'Hotties'.

Later on I went back down to the stage with Eddie and Cimon to watch Culture Shock play three or four numbers. Then It was time to head for the stones, hurrah!



JUNE 21-THE SOLSTICE

I walked with Martin and a crowd of about 2000 towards the stones. After about 10 minutes we came across a road block which would only allow walkers onto the main road. We walked for another 40 minutes till we arrived at a round-about which had several buses on it, this was about a mile from Amesbury. Just passed the round about was another road block, as people passed through it they confiscated walking sticks and flag-poles after i passed through the road block I had a rest. While resting Eddie passed by so he sat down and had a drink, he had his flagpole kmicked by the police. I then walked on with Eddie and while he was getting a branch from the readside I some how lost Martin!, which is difficult since he's a big bugger. We passed through a third road block as we neared the stones.

Then we were there!

Soon after arriving people gathered near the stones perimeter fence, which had police lined up along it. Behind us was another fence which led onto an open field. Above us were helicopters with search lights watching for people making a dash for the stones. After awhile people began leaning against the fence the police began pushing people back. Then trunceons were used and a small group people got aggitated and began throwing dirt, there was more violence from the police and more retaliation. Then the direct incidents with the police moved up towards the heel stone and all I could see were the police hitting people and dirt being thrown. As the police activity increased larger objects were thrown. During this several people mounted the heel stone and a few made andash towards the stones but were caught, the people on the heel stone remained. Then the helicopter issued a warning to disperse and several minutes later the riot police charged I was on the grass forge by the perimeter and I watched as people panicked and run down the road. As they passed me I watched my ruck sack, which was in the road, disappear under peoples feet. My flash was smashed so no pictures came out cos of poor light. Then people were slowly forced back and it was to misty to see the sun rise!

The police could have easily arrested the people who were taking violent action. But they were more intrested in fucking everybody up, even though the majority were taking peaceful non-violent action. I thought the site would be closed down(which it was)so I found Martin and headed towards Amesbury so I could get back to the train station at Salisbury. But this was not the end of the police incidents. While cueing for a drink at the Amesbury petrol station a milk float pulled up and people started buying food and drink. Then a police van turned up and out got several officers in riot gear who moved people on and

also moved the milk float on.

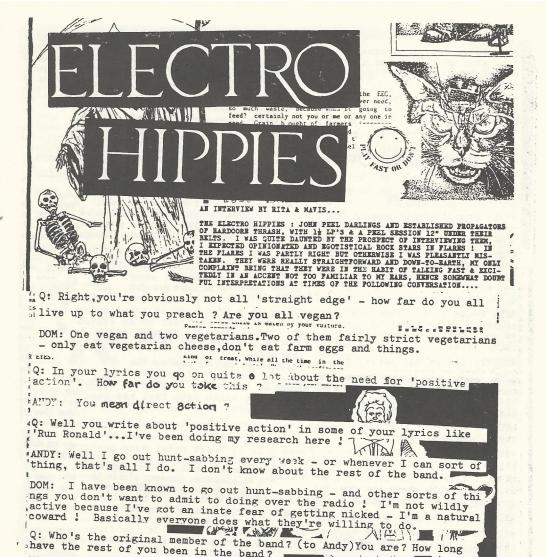
Well thats about it. I hope you feel I have told you what happened correctly. Thank to everyone who went and who goes in 1989 also thank to Eddie, Pete the Roadie, Mertin, Griff and the City Indians and all the Derby Crew, Culture Shock (who only just beat us at football in Brighton!) and anyone I forgot plus the 8000 that went. Oh yeah Dick (C. Shock) is selling Stonehenge benefit singles available for £2 plus p+p from 2 Victoria Terrace, Melksham, Wilts. The bands on the single are Culture Shock, Military Surplus, Hippy Slags and the Rhythm-Ites.



Peace and Freedom Support Stonehenge 89



WINNING WINNING giv 1



have the rest of you been in the band?

split I2" - that was Bruno. so negative, so much shit, must do

difference at all, our own

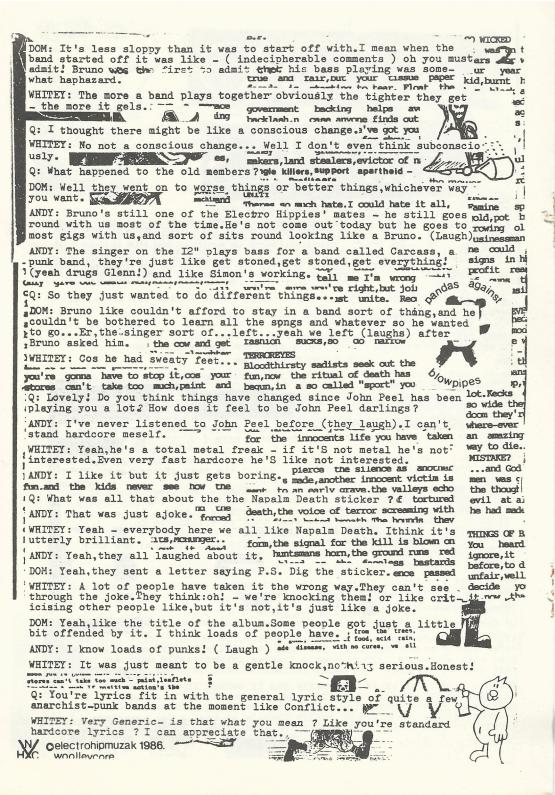
WHITEY: A matter of months, 4/5 months I guess.

Q: Has there been a departure in style with new members?

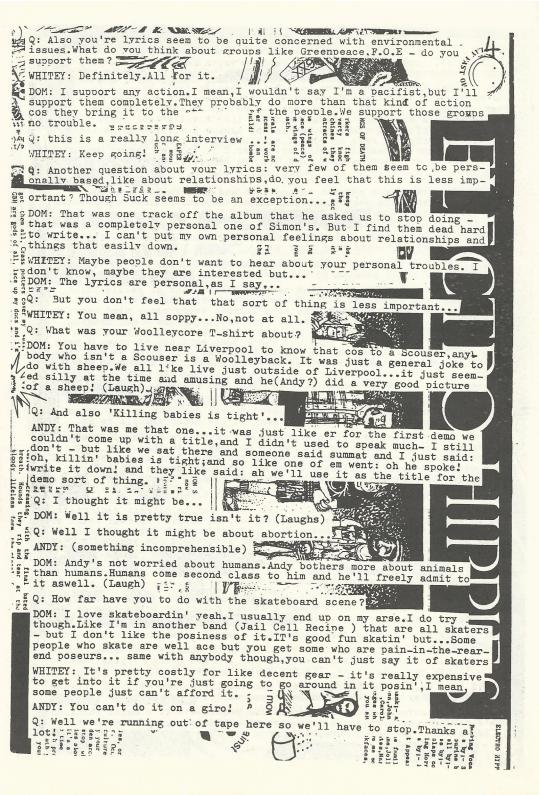
ANDY: Year & a half. I played on the Peel session and the album, not the

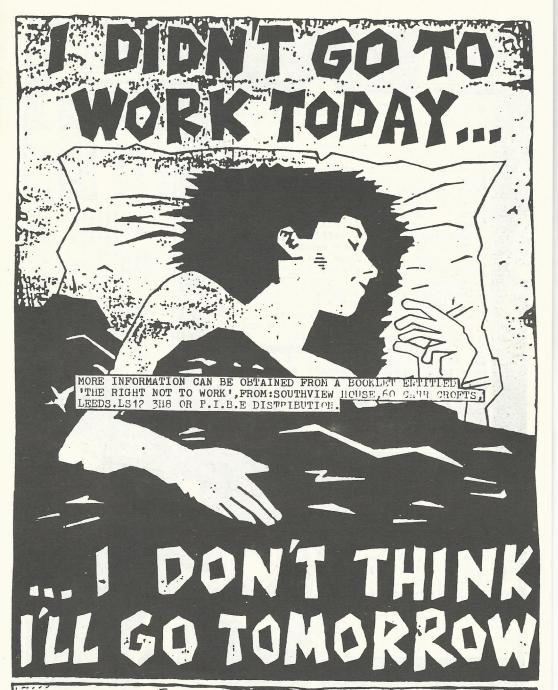
ANDY: Yeah, Dom's learnt to play bass guitar ... A lot of people have said we've turned more metal than like when we originally started off, but like when we started off it wasn't like we intentionally went out to play sort of hardcore with metal influences sort of stuff.

WHITEY: I don't think it has really, cos it sounds like more metal than the first split Generic thing, its just the sound that's changed - because some of the songs that were on the original split album were just re-recorded for the album. So really there's no real great departure there's no real change ... it's just the same . I don't think there's any



Q: Who writes the lyrics ? WHITEY: Well Simon the old drummer ased to write most of them - he's sort of departed now. DOM: I write some and he wrote some. But I mean, Freddy's Revenge is definitely not the normal. Chickens and Sheep have both got humour in them. I mean, we do like try to inject some humour into the lyrics even when it's something serious. We don't like totally keel over. I have a habit of going over the top in the lyrics I write. I'll be like sitting watching the news or summat, and just get seriously pissed off with summat and instead of losing my temper, I'll lose my temper on paper and sometimes get carried away like Gas Joe Pearce ... Q: They're quite violent some of the lyrics I think. DOM: I mean, there are certain things I'll see that really gets me losin me temper - one way of getting pid of the frustration is screaming about it on stage. Butter of Bellette That Q: In So Wicked (about child abusers) you go 'would hanging be the answ wer' - none of you wrote that then ? . WHITEY: Some of the bits I find I question myself. Imean - I've thought . that the bits about hanging people were dubious. DOM: All he's doing is expressing an idea which a lot of people think, even though you may think : oh, I can't agree with that cos I'm dead right-on, but it's something that goes through everybody's mind whether this kind of thing would stop it. It says in the lyrics - no, hanging wouldn't be the answer , but if you were left alone in the room with them or summat... (Others: Yeah...) you'd beat shit out of them. I mean Ait's our lyrics - it may not be a dead trendy kind of thing at the time Q: Quite a lot of your lyrics criticise apathy. I wonder what you think causes apathy in people today. Like in Unity and Protest ... WHITEY: It's all too easy to be apathetic and sit back and let other people do things like either make music or sell fanzines or set up coops of any description. It's all too easy to let other peolple do it. DOM: We do it ourselves! I'm not saying any of us are perfect! I mean that's one thing I hate: you get people who say: I do this, I do that, I'm perfect, I'm a right-on anarcho type, you know. None of us are perfect, we've all fucking millions of major failings; people can call us hypocrites if they want, but we'll admit it. (Others laugh). ANDY: Speak for yourself! (All laugh) That was ajoke. DOM: But I mean Unity is basically just about people bitchin each other. You go around and see so many people sayin : oh fuckin 'im over there or now I don't like 'im or whatever. You just get so much serious bitching going on and it doesn't do anyone any good whatsoever. If you don't like someone go and tell them up to their face! Q: What do you think about bands like Conflict, MDC, who do seem to have si milar lyrics, like Run Ronald. DOM: Personally I think MDC's music's fuckin brilliant. I saw them in Liverpool and they were shit hot. ANDY: I try not to write the lypics that's why I'm not speakin so much. DOM: Conflict's lyrics are all right. I don't personally like their music that much. I reckon they mean what they say. I'm not going to slag them off - I know some people do, I'm not going to cos I don't knew 'em. ANDY: I like em. The music's brilliant and the lyrics are well put together er.I reckon they're a dead good band personally. WHITEY: Yeah anyone who's doing something positive - it's agood thing. No one's perfect, so everyone's like open to criticism ... anything positive is apositive thing. Astep forward.





SLAVERY STILL EXSISTS TODAY EXCEPT ITS CALLED WORK. PEOPLE ARE ENSLAVED TO AUTHORITY, ENSLAVED TO MONEY THROUGH FALSE HOPES AND FALSE REEDS. YOU ALLOW DIEM TO STEAL YOUR TIME AND MONEY, MEANWHILE BILLIOUS OF FOURDS AFE SPENT, ON YOUR DESTRUCTION, MEANWHILE THEY GROW FATTER AND MORE FOWERFULL. WE CAN DESTROY THE WORK ETHIC OF A DAYS WORK FOR A DAYS TAY. WE CAN BANISH LIND. LESS 1-ABOUR FOREVER WORK FOR YOUR OWN GOOD AND LOT FOR THEIRS.

BITS'N'BOBS

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West-Germany

So contact them and pop in if your on tiour in Europe, but remember there is no guarantee of money Contact:627 VAN HALL STAAT, 1051 HG, AMSTERDAM. HOLI.AND. ROT NEWZ: Well as I said in the intro I'm setting up a record label on the EAS, it will be called 'ROT REC.s', suprise suprise!ARP will be no longer organising gigs in Brighton so I'll be taking Ro

over-get in touch if your organising a tour etc. ROT*5-a title hasn't been decided yet, will have Default and should have-Christ on Parade, Neurosis, Verbal Assault & S.N.F.U. toll have fun, fallover. ROT

The VAN HALL SQUAT is the only indep-

endent concert hall in Amsterdam & is

still going, although there have been several eviction rumours. In April 88' I got a printed hand-out asking me to advertise the fact that they were still open and looking for bands from the U.Ki to play there. That situation has changed slightly since then because unfortunatly there is no guarantee of money since they have to pay off P.A & advertising costs. And they have difficulty drawing a crowd to see unknown bands, that usually means bands from the U.K since most Dutch people are more familier with bands from the U.S.A. They have recently had gigs there with M.D.C, Naked Raygun, S.N.F.U, Angry Red Planet & the Accused, all from the U.S.A plus various supports. Plus at the end of October 88' they had a benefit gig for the 'Sharpville 6'

A BITCHTON NEW WHY? Letured above at an A.L.F. benefit) have a couple of new members / IMMALATO TOMATOES have split up/SALAD FROM ATLANTIS have an LP out/Mike (ex I.Ts) has got a new band with Jeff: Steve(Ex VDG)/
There are possibilities of the old VD line-up reforming.

"Love's another sterile gift another shit condition" - Crass

"Let me say, at the risk of seeming ridiculous, that the true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love" ... - Che Guevara

Love ... seems to be the one thing that nobody in the underground/alternative culture wants to sing about. It would seem. that some people actually consider this progress. To my mind, all it shows is a sad lack of maturity and indeed love itself, time you hear a love-song on the radio, to be, but equally I find it sad to see so many bands, especially punk/hardcore bands, who refuse to sing about love from what I can only presume is a prepubescent fear of it.

I don't want to live in a better world that still retains taboos. I accept that most of the pap in the charts doesn't set a good, or loving, example, but we all fall in love at some point in our lives and it strikes me as unnatural to avoid talking about it. Using our natural experiences in songs - writing honest feelings about falling in and out of love would help us all understand a little bit more of our selves and of each other, and provide an alternative to the stereotypical image flashed all around us. IF The

Because ... when a boy meets a girl, or indeed a boy meets a boy, or a girl meets a girl, it can be the most precious and beautiful feeling in the world. It has been for me anyway, and if that sounds corny then too bad, I don't care. I like, and write love-songs, and if they strike a common chord with other people, then they are as important as any song about politics or animal liberation etc. Because we've got to win the battle against alienation . 55 before we can even think about winning the battle against injustice - alienation is the biggest and most widespread injustice Will The Comment of all.

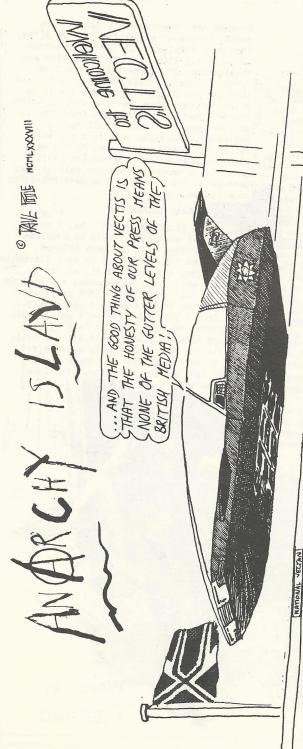
All my best feelings, most inspired. moments and most radical passionate thoughts have emerged from a tremendous feeling of love - being in love and shouting about it isn't straight any more than its soppy. Its most revolutionary state to be in.

because more than anything else in the world, it proves to you that you're alive, that your life, and all life is precious and that all life is worth preserving and celebrating. I'd suggest that the link between 'love' as Cole Porter sees it, and LOVE the way hippies & yippies saw it is a lot stronger than just the word. I think theres a natural progression from love to ecology, and, in 1988 to political militancy...anything less is a cop out. But it all starts with love. So the next I've never nurtured any desire to 'grow up'mpause for a moment before you call it crap into all the things my parents wanted me because it might just be the most beautiful song you've ever heard

SEXUAL LIBERATION

....but it probably won't be, I accept that. It'll more than likely be soulless rubbish written from the bank balance. rather than the heart. But we seek liberation within love, and not from it, so its up to us to write real songs about the real feelings that real people (Not mythical stereotypes) feel. Anyway, I get a backache from typing cos I haven't got a table and chair, so I'll leave it here with a ! parting thought...love isn't all you need, but its the most potentially subversive; part of all of us, and no change for the better can be acheived without it. Love







Did you get stuck in the nudes tet to print t

EPISODE 2 - WATCH OUT, FARROUT'S ABOUT

The story so far...
After a frantic chase through the tunnels
of the London Underground, a Gothic Punk
girl has discovered an unlikely trio of
saviours ~ Three punks who have just shot
her assailants dead.

"Was that helpful enough... Maddy?" enquired the punk boy, pleasantly.

"How do you know my name?" sobbed

Maddy, crying with relief.

"Well, being an amateur computer-hacker ~ and quite good at it too, if I may say so myself ~ I see from the records of InternationOil that you were an ex-employee and you stole their suppressed inventions file, and so now they've got a contract out on you... Naughty girl!"

"So, who are you and why did you

three save me?" asked Madeline.

"It's a'very long story and we've got to get out of here fast!" said the boy "-follow me!"

Madeline Gregory noticed that she was at Gloucester Road Station. The punks jumped across barriers and ran along a deserted section of the pedestrian tunnel.

One of the girls had blown the lock on the barrier earlier on and they ran on to the disused Piccadilly Line platform.

On the platform was a beautiful prototype car. Amazingly, it had no wheels.

The four clambered into the car which literally flew off down the tunnel, driven by Claire, one of the two girls.

"Nice eh?" said the boy. "It's a semi-automatic drive with a computer-linked radar steering system which stops it crashing into the sides of the tunnel. ~ I just hope there's no more trains on the Piccadilly tonight, 'cos at three-hundred miles an hour, the radar's not going to be able to deal with a head-on collision!" he said brightly.

Madeline stiffened and put off the question she was going to ask until later.

CONTINUES OVER >>>



At last the car reached the open air past Earls Court Station and flew upwards sharply, narrowly missing an iron girder.

prototype flew upwards and onwards. A sleek black object, undetectable by radar because of its low flightpath.

Veering south-westerly, the car flew on.

"So, what's the story then?" asked the still-nervous Madeline.

"The collapse of the economy ~ early 1993 ~ remember it?"

"Yeah?"

"I caused it, I hacked into the computers of all the British monopolies ~ including InternationOil's, redundancies included yours!"

He carried on. "I transferred masses of funds into my personal bank account ~ and covered my tracks sufficiently so as not to arouse suspicion by even my own bank.

"Transferring my money into Dollars immediately, I then destroyed the American economy by hacking into the multinational companies. Of course, I'd transferred my money to gold by then.

"Amazing!" gasped Maddy, impressed, "But where can we escape to without

Intoco catching me again?"

"Do you remember another company which actually seemed to rise from the ashes of the ruined economy ~ the Cartwright Group?"

"Ah yes ~ Louis Cartwright bought the Isle of Wight to boost the British economy and set up all his businesses on the island, but no-one's quite sure who he is. He's apparently quite reclusive but... Hey! You're not him are you?" she asked, jokingly.

"Could be!" said Lou. Perfectly

seriously.



IT WAS a bright, cold day in September and the clocks were striking thirteen. Lou's philanthropic plan had worked. Vectis was now independent and regarded as very dangerous by the world powers since the twenty-minute war with Britain.

The world needed a few philanthroin 1996. The USA had meddled pists terribly in World affairs and, as in Chile, in England the CIA had helped to depose the Socialist Government and the country was now run by a Nazist dictator, a young lady named Ashley Winterton.

The Union Flag now sported a swastika

in the centre.

Even the National Anthem had been changed from 'God save the King' to Britain the Mighty', a reactionary, imperialist song riddled with racial hatred and bigotry.

The bleakness of the country was worsened by the collapse of the pound. Winterton had spent the country's money on arms and the services were getting poorer.

Unemployment Benefit was now almost non-existent, and even then only for a maximum of five weeks. If you fell ill and your health insurance wasn't paid-up then you were left to suffer or die.

Television was boring. nothing controversial was allowed on TV these days. The entertainment consisted of propaganda, quiz shows and boring sitcoms whose satire was directed at the beggars and other social misfits.

'King' Louis was trying to relax in Osborne Palace, former home of Queen Victoria. The Prime Minister was making himself unpopular with Lou.

"Look Ian, I can't be bothered to talk to you about all this rubbish at the

moment, will you just piss off!"

"Lou, this is important!" Shouted Ian Metcalfe, who then carried on with another tirade about flippancy. This caused Lou to press a button on his seat console.

Almost immediately the door opened and two girls came through, they were dressed in black leather and were wearing fishnets.

A royal crest was displayed on a cummerbund across their chests and on their leather jackets. The letters T.S. on their lapels confirmed lan's fears.

They were members of the Vectan Police Force ~ the Termination Squad.

CONTINUED OVER >>>

"Hello girls, would you like to see the Prime Minister to his car?" asked the King.

"Don't bother ~ I was just leaving!" said Ian, apprehensively. He knew that Claire Hall and Dorinda Willcox had already killed a man each (at Gloucester Road Underground Station) and didn't fancy upping their score.

The King watched as the Prime Minister's car drove off down the driveway and noticed another car heading towards the palace.

The driver was Captain Farrout, Admiral of the Fleet. Lou liked Farrout ~ . sometimes ~ also known as Paul Goldsmith, his flippancy matched his own.

"Hello Lou, orright then?" asked the Captain cheerily. "Yeah, I suppose so!" answered Lou.

"Look man, you know the new flagship of the Navy, the Vengeance?"

"Ah yes, I haven't seen it yet!"

"Well, I'm having a bit of a bash in a few minutes, so be there in Cowes Harbour, OK?"

"Right!" said Lou, completely forgetting his alcohol-induced headache of that morning, and his solemn pledge to never drink again.

The Royal Navy (that is, the British Navy), were on full alert after hearing of the erratic progress of the Vengeance around the coast of England, but by the time Devonport was alerted, the ship was already careering around the Channel Islands and by the time Portsmouth was on alert, the ship was cheekily rushing up and down the Thames Estuary.

The party was in full swing until an idiot called Mark Lavender, 'Ginger' to his friends, decided to play with the onboard computer in the ship's bridge. As a result of this, the Pentagon's computer gave the order to fire on the Soviet Union.

World leaders started to panic.

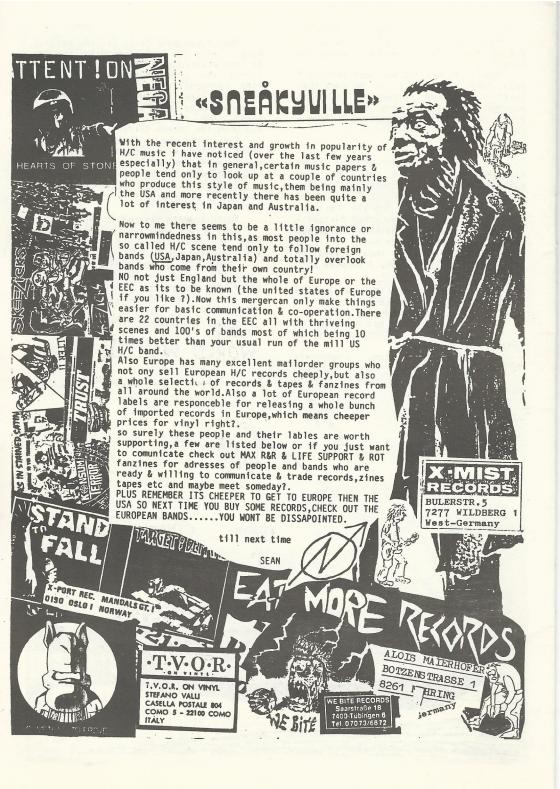
The Vectans knew too. Farrout was too high to care. "Let's sit back and watch the fireworks Lou!"

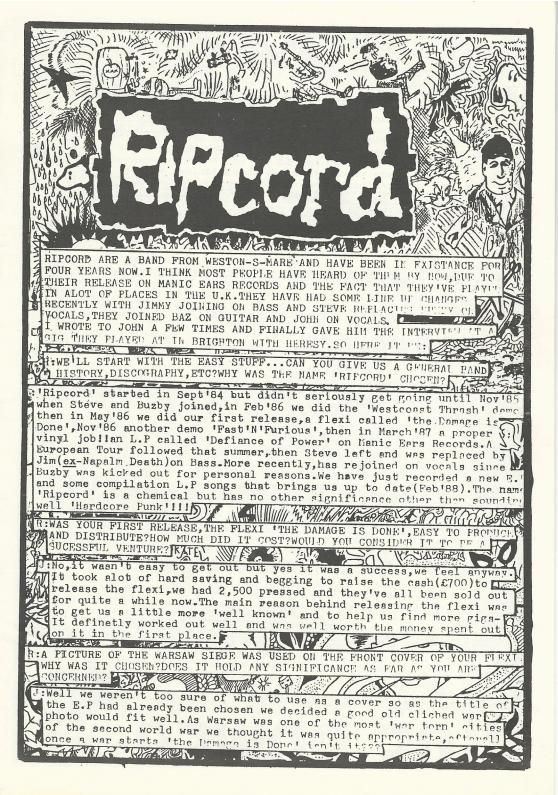
"Paul, if Britain gets nuked, the fallout's going to hit Vectis!" "Ah... Shit!" was the reply.

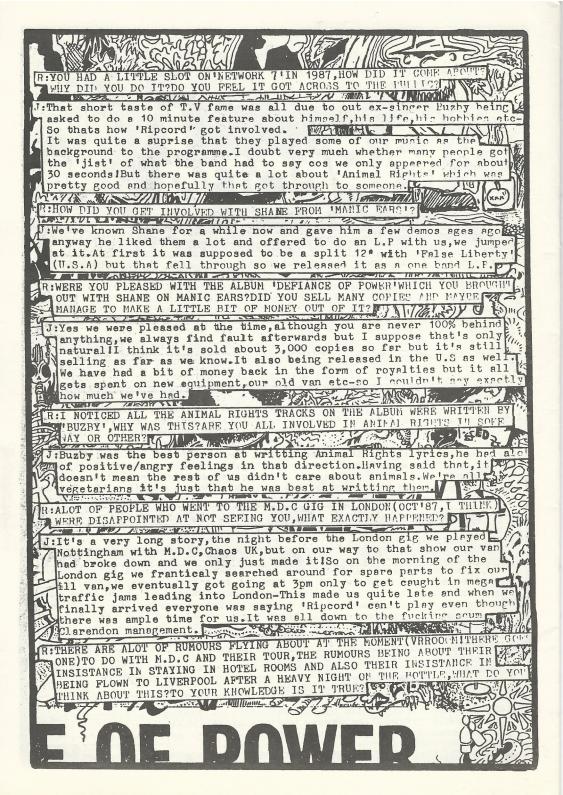
"But," smirked Lou, "I've got a sneaky plan!"

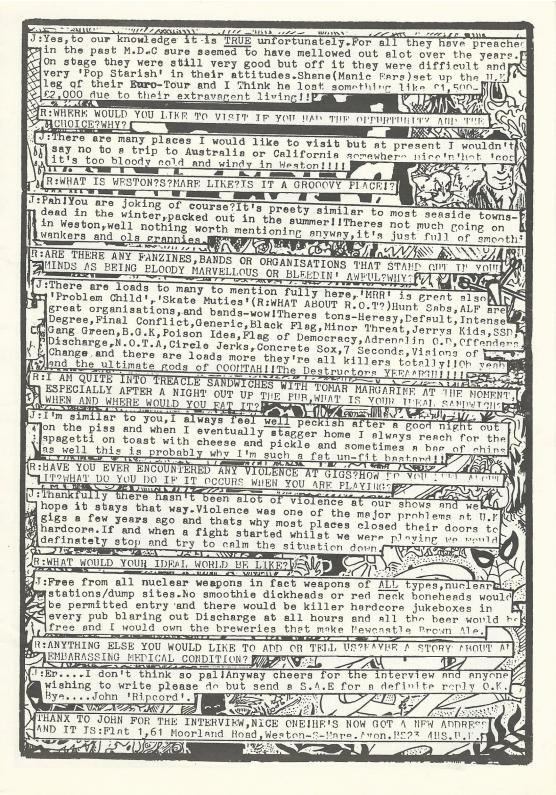
WORLD WAR III!













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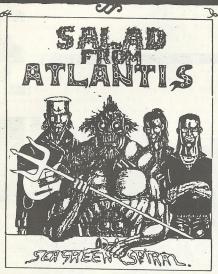
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